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The CORADDI

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE

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VOL. XXIV

APRIL-MAY 1920

No. 5

Seven little fiddlers delighted and
OUR amazed the students
LITTLE and faculty of the N. C.
FIDDLERS College when they de-
monstrated the work of
the class in orchestral music taught
by Miss Mayer in the Training
School.

The children are very responsive
and their teacher is enthusiastic
about their progress. The attitude
of the pupils was apparent in a little
incident noticed recently during a
violent rain storm. A little boy was
going home from school with his
violin protected not only by its case
but was wrapped in his raincoat
while he himself was exposed to the
storm.

The remarkable success of this
class with only four months training
shows the great possibilities of the
nation-wide movement toward in-
troducing music into the public
schools. In ultra-practical America
the arts have been neglected. No
place has been given in our educa-

tional system for the development of
artistic tastes. Reading and writing
and arithmetic have been considered
the only essentials in grammar school.
Musical instruction has been a high-
priced luxury. Consequently our peo-
ple are lacking in artistic tempera-
ment, and have little capacity for
cultured enjoyment in any field but
that of literature. Now we are real-
izing the barrenness of a education
which does not include music, and
a speedy advance is being made in
the establishment of musical in-
struction in the grades and high
school.

In the Training School, regular
lessons are given in reading the notes
and in singing, and the B. M. seniors
of the College teach piano without
extra charge to those who wish to
take it. For violin instruction the
expense is only ten cents a lesson and
the pupils are taught in a class just
as with any other subject.

The teaching of music in the public
schools is an important innovation.

It will extend an opportunity for the cultivation of the artistic nature of thousands of the children who would otherwise go thru life never knowing the joy and inspiration afforded by Music.—M. H. B., '21.

Below are two editorials written by
AS two enterprising Fresh-
OTHERS men on the voluntary
SEE US reading done by the
Juniors and Seniors.

The editorials, based upon facts gained in a recent survey by the Freshmen, are very fair, the conclusions of both being the upper classmen are rather prone to light reading during the spare moments of their college days, as a reaction from the heavy assigned reading. We wonder though just what statistics would reveal taken during the Summer months. We wonder also what a survey made of the voluntary reading done by the underclassmen would reveal. And we can not imagine just what our faculty would choose for entertainment if heavy required reading caused a reaction also with them. We, as well as all the observant Freshmen, will have to admit that the Senior who read St. Elmo thru nine times is very cultured. Perhaps you have heard about her before.

It has been said that "our deeds determine us as much as THE we determine our READING deeds." Can it not also OF THE be said that what we UPPER read determines us as CLASSMEN much as we determine what we read? A consciousness of such a fact, however vague it may be, apparently influence

the action of some of our students. For, it appears, that many fear to make known their enjoyment of good literature lest it expose them to ridicule. And ridicule is a subtle power from which few totally escape.

Information gathered from others who are not so reticent concerning their likes and dislikes, shows that a great deal of reading is done by N. C. C. Juniors and Seniors. The predominating purpose of their voluntary reading is, it seems, pleasure. When the majority have the aim of sheer enjoyment in mind, it is to some degree natural that there should be a preference for light reading. From what I have been told by a number of Juniors and Seniors, I feel that I am reasonably correct in saying that the majority of the students avoid deep reading and are apt to ignore difficulties. But when they can no longer ignore problems, they will lay seige to them with the determination to find the heart of the matter. The feeling that there is no time for deep questions haunts the minds of many even when they might find time.

It has been found that much novel reading has done. While there are some who read novels for ultimate gain as well as for diversion, there are others who read them for merely the sake of pleasure. Their favorite authors are Harold Bell Wright, Jean Stranton Porter, and Mary Roberts Rhinehart. The group seeking that which is really valuable shows some preference for Cooper, Scott and Dickens.

Aside from novels, we feel that poetry enjoys some popularity in our midst. Modern poetry is read, but upon the whole the classics seem to be preferred. In this case, tastes vary to

such an extent that it is difficult to give the preferred writers. Wordsworth, Browning, Keats, and Shelly all enjoy some preeminence. A taste for poetry is to some degree cultivated by the course in English. Quite a number of Juniors and Seniors like poetry; only a few read it extensively.

Without hesitation we can say that current literature receives a fair share of attention. It appears, that the larger number of students who read for a moment's diversion devote most time to newspapers and magazines. The students have some knowledge, however comprehensive it may be, of the present day problems.

The field of literature, including biographies, histories, and essays, lies unexplored by the majority of Juniors and Seniors. Yet it has been found that at least a few students read and actually enjoy history and biography. Unfortunately, this class is relatively small in comparison to the whole number. Among these, however, are those who read both for the sake of pleasure and culture. The influence of this group is greater than many upper classmen realize. For one who is a stranger to conditions may feel, as well as a Freshman who is just becoming a unit of the college, the strength of those few that are prepared to lead. While statistics show that few in comparison to the whole number of Juniors and Seniors do, on their own account, scholarly reading, we are still inclined to believe that there is not a want of serious and sustained thinking. In my opinion, many, whether or not they admit it, are drawing nearer to that which is really valuable and learning to like that.—Vera Ayers, '23.

Outside the reading required in the various courses here at THE UPPER CLASSMAN READING SURVEY there is some voluntary reading done, and this it is that expresses the real tastes of the reader.

Such voluntary reading is done for one of two motives—either a desire for amusement and recreation or a seeking after culture. Actual individual investigation of the Junior and Senior classmen reveals that those who read with the first motive are decidedly in the majority. More people on this campus read "Life," "Judge," "Tar Baby," "Ladies Home Journal," "Women's Home Companion," "American," and light popular novels and such literature for recreation than read Byron, Keats, Shelley, Elliot, Dickens, Thackeray, or Wallace for the same reason. This fact is partly explicable by the condition hinted at by the Junior who said—

"I have so much regular reading to do, that when I have a little time to read what I want to, I feel I just must turn to some light story and get my mind off my work."

Those who read with the second motive seek newspapers and current magazines for information and find books of essays, biographies, and poetry food for thought and mental culture. Now, everyone knows that the human mind must have hours of relaxation, and for this reason, if no other, reading for recreation would be worthy. It is not a condemnation of the MOTIVE of reading that is intended—rather a questioning as to why there is not a happy combination of the two motives—why one does not read for recreation literature that

would be at the same time cultural?
—Mary Sue Beam, '23.

Ostensibly we come to college for two reasons, to learn how to serve the state, humanity, and incidentally, ourselves, better; and to gain a larger conception and appreciation of the beautiful in the world. But few of us make use of the splendid opportunities that are given us in college.

From the libraries we may gain knowledge, inspiration, and wholesome pleasure. By learning to delight in good reading we will increase our points of contact with mankind.

We meet with beautiful pictures and statuary, which have a universal appeal, even to the uncultivated. This instinctive appreciation may be intensified by learning why a certain thing is beautiful, what are its perfections, and whereon lies its inspiration. In other words, study and analysis increase the love of art.

Another way in which we may acquire culture is the public entertainments of a high type. We express our own ideals and help to mold public opinion by our attitude toward and our behavior at public entertainments. So long as we are determined that we shall be bored by having to listen to classical music, or by having to follow an address which takes up some complicated ideas, we will defeat the object of the undertaking, we will go away poorer when we should be richer. When we applaud those who

cater to our poorer taste and sit in silence before those who have out interests at heart, we are helping to tear down what it has taken ages to develop, and what we should try to preserve and make available for all the world. Should we not be ashamed of the fact that people have to talk down to us in order that they may gain our attention?

There is only one thing necessary if we would have this appreciation of the beautiful, the grand, and the inspiring, in art, in music, and in literature. It is that we should wish to have this appreciation with all our heart, and should then start out to obtain it through the first method that presents itself. It is not necessary that we should know all about a subject before we can appreciate it, but we should have a proper respect for it, and should cultivate a love for such things.

Then when we have reached this stage it can not be said of us that we prefer to read a book of mediocre quality when a literary value lies beside it; that we fill our houses with useless, silly chromos and prints when we could by copies of something really worth while just as cheaply; that we applauded cheap wit, sensational work of the screen and stage, and the talks of those who lower themselves to reach the ear of the multitude.

Let us do our best to hasten that day. We can begin at once, and though that beginning may be modest, who knows where it will end, and what benefits it may bring to us?

The following is copied from the "Concept," the Converse College Magazine—one of the best edited and the most successful college magazines to be found anywhere.

"For the last two weeks Converse girls have held heated ESTHER OR discussions about the RUTH modern woman. The

Bible department was directly responsible in instigating these. Each class in Bible has had a debate on the question, "Which is the best example for the modern woman, Esther or Ruth?" These two women were taken as typical—Ruth the woman in the home; Esther the woman in public life. Converse was divided into two camps—rampant suffragists and equally insistent anti-suffragists. The virtues of the home-loving, home-making women were lauded as never before. Nearly half of the Bible Department girls determined to be stay-at-home, clinging-vine wives, while the other half realized the urgent need of women in public life and resolved to become *LES FEMMES POLITIQUES*. Of course, it was become of the debate that these two extreme types of women have been brought into the lime-light at Converse. But, girls, let's not have our beliefs still run in the channel of the debate, for neither type

of woman is really the best example. The homes of today need women who are both Ruths and Esthers, neither one nor the other alone.

The American home needs to be more united than it is now, for our homes determine the future of our country. There should be more ties, more unity in the family. In the family life the mother really has the greatest influence. Can she, if she is entirely of the Ruth type, be in complete sympathy with her husband and sons? Is there any bond other than that of love and family devotion between them? Yet the persuit of the entirely public life would ultimately ruin the home. We need a combination of the two. We need a woman who loves the home and is willing to accept its responsibilities, yet who does not tie herself down to it. She should have outside interests, and should participate in the things that concern the men of the family; and be not merely interested, but intelligently acquainted with them. The modern woman should indeed combine the characteristics of Ruth and Esther and not be one-sided and prejudiced in her life and development."

Springtime in the Country

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22 DIKREAN

The frogs once more on the old creek banks
Renew their orchestra;
The birds, and the bees,
And the new budding trees,
Stretch gladsome hands to the rare, sweet breeze.
And oh! to be home in the Spring!

The dog-tooth lilies deep, deep in the wood,
The sweet hypotica,
The song of the thrush
As he warbles gay
On the dogwood spray, by the tone of his lay
Renews lost hopes—in the Spring.



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The Buddha Idol and the T-Pot Lady

K. WILLIS, '20 ADELPHIAN

The tiny mother-of-pearl Buddha with his superior air looked down from his heights on the mantle piece and grinned, and grinned. But exactly why he grinned no one knew; for how long he had grinned no one knew; for how long he would grin no one knew. All that is known is that the little fellow sat huddled up there with the most diabolical and impenetrable countenance the world has ever seen since the time of Mephisto-
cles, Mona Lisa or the Sphinx. Per-
haps he was proud of his outside
coating, and ashamed of his interior.
It was certainly of no credit to him
that he was beautiful; someone else
had taken him when he was only a
tiny metal image and had placed him
in the shell of a living oyster, and it
was there because of the ingenuity of
the oyster he had acquired his exqui-
site mother-of-pearl coating that sent
out it's little rays of light, now red,
now blue, now green, and made him
vain in spite of his cheap interior.

If you had seen what he saw from
the mantle piece you would have
smiled a gentle, sympathetic teary-
kind smile. It was a big Morris chair
before the glowing coals that sent out
rosy lights to play and to dance over
her dimpled, flushed face resting upon

her hand. There she sat in her blue-
gray silk kimona with the big bright,
blue poppies sprinkled over it, and
the big, black butterflies poising light-
ly upon them, as if afraid that even
their gentle caress might cause the
small one to awake. Truly, she made
a quaint Japanese lady sitting in the
Morris chair, with her black curls
piled high on mock-grown-up-style,
and her tiny bedroom-slipped feet
dangling.

By the side of this child lady, upon
a small table of highly polished rose-
wood, was a filmy center piece of lace
that some Belgian peasant woman had
made with her slender, patient fingers,
a plate of fragile hand-painted china
upon it holding some small cakes, and
also and oddly-shaped teacup filled
with some fragrant-smelling, oriental
tea, and an unusual teapot of gray
china. How someone must have labored
to disentangle the rosewood from the
heart of some luxuriant tropical
forest that it might have been sent to
Switzerland, there to be carved by
some old weather-beaten shepherd as
he sat on some rock-strewn mountain
side, gazing occasionally into the
heavens, and as he tended to his own
flock, and to those of his neighbors!
And what a fascinating teapot upon

the shiny table by the side of the sleeping child! Someone else must have worked for hours and hours to make it also, enjoying every moment that his feverish hands created it, just as the Swiss shepherd and the Belgian peasant woman had loved doing their crafts.

With what pleasure he must have molded the teapot from the clay, and with what patience and rapture he must have overlaid it with the mellow colors, lacquering and firing them to make his dream a permanent thing for the rest of the world to vision! And how the world had loved, and acquired the fruits of his patience—the little grey teapot with its tiny tree of snowy white cherry blossoms and brown gnarled limbs, sheltering a quaint Japanese lady with outstretched arms! But why was she too dressed in a grey-blue kimona with bright blue poppies and black butterflies upon it?

The little girl in the Morris chair stirred in her sleep and faced the lady on the teapot. They seemed to be regarding each other intently. The woman under the cherry tree had her hands outstretched—beckoning, beckoning. Her eyes seemed to be imploring the little girl to something. What did she want? What must the little girl do? What had the artist made a teapot lady so beautiful—so pathetic? And why—above all else, were the two dressed in such similar ways—the American child and the Japanese Teapot lady? As the sleeping child continued to watch the teapot, the lady there remained motionless for a long time, but as the child continued to gaze, to her surprise, she saw the teapot lady begin to quiver, ever so imperceptibly at first,

gracefully increasing the rapidity of her movements as she watched the child with eye unswerving, until at last she gently released herself from the side of the teapot, stepped silently and daintily upon the mirror-like surface of the table, glided still noiselessly to its edge, and then as she stretched out her arms in her flowing sleeves, fell to the floor with the fluttering movements of a fledgeling learning to fly—but caught, not upon a velvety carpet of grass, but upon a velvety one whose rich soft depths some artistic Arab had tirelessly woven his filthy tent upon the sandy plain, out of the thousands of though wool fibers from the mountain goat to give it strength, and to give it beauty, had woven into it the most beautiful and the most sacred symbols that his soul could conceive, out of the colors he had garnered from all the vegetable world—rich beautiful tints from the plants nature had mellowed into harmony for him to use in dying his wool.

When my lady of the teapot fell upon this work of oriental art, the fire popped gaily, and as she came nearer and nearer to it with her arms outstretched before her, it sent forth tiny shadows on the carpet to meet her. The canary bird stirred on his perch in the cage, jerked his saucy head from beneath his yellow wing, and gave a chirp of welcome—and then went back to sleep again. The snow-white petals of the Chinese lilies blooming in the window gave a delicate shiver and wafted their fragrance across the room to her, as the wind outside moaned and groaned its fretful music, and sent gusts of its icy breath now and then thru the cracks in the window pane. The wooden cuckoo leapt swiftly out of his

carved cage and announced hurriedly to his audience that it was nine o'clock; whereupon my lady of the teapot glanced at him a second anxiously, as if afraid that she would not have time enough to do what she must do. Then after a few seconds of pensive gazing into the heart of the glowing coals, she jumped up suddenly, clapped her exceedingly small hands, clambered up the side of the Morris chair to the shell-like ear of the little girl, and as she pulled back the bit of black curl dangling over it, she whispered, "Fairy child, I have a story to tell you."

"You are a very young little girl to hear the message that I must give you, but it is one that concerns you deeply, for it concerned your father deeply. It may be that I shall never be able to speak to you again with words, for it is only on nights such as this when the unutterable sadness can be felt in the wind outside, and the cheer is so great on the inside, that the agony whithin me must be expressed to lessen my grief. Listen carefully now to every word I say, in order that some day when you are older and have thought long and deeply, you may catch the full significance of my story."

Then the little girl smiled thoughtfully and sadly at the other's words, and nodded her head in silence; and the teapot lady continued.

"I always loved your father from the very first moment that I saw him in the quaint shop of souvenirs on a narrow crowded street in my country. And strange to say, he loved me too from this same instant, because the teapot on which I stood fulfilled all his preconceived ideas of beauty of color, and beauty of line in artistic

handicraft. But these things alone were not all that appealed to his fancy, for the artist that had made me had endowed me with an unusual power, that compelled him in spite of himself, to love me."

"For days and days after your father bought the teapot, I studied him from my place on it underneath the cherry tree, as he studied me. I searched his mind and his heart, smiling ever smiling at him, trying to make him do my bidding as I stood there with my hands outstretched beckoning, beckoning, any my eyes upon him imploring. Wherever he went from sea to sea, from land to land, he took me and the Buddha idol along with the hundreds of other beautiful souvenirs that he had collected from the many lands during his travels—the artistic things created by the patient beauty-loving soul of every nation. Yet in spite of his love for me he tried often to forget me; but he could not; I would not let him. I haunted him tirelessly, mercilessly—and my cruelty only made him love me more and more, and as he did so, he hated with an increasing hatred the tiny mother-of-pearl Buddha with his exquisite opalescent coat, and his taunting, diabolical grin."

"Often your father would take us from our tissue paper coverings and stare at us, sometimes pensively, sometimes in agony, sometimes with decision that only turned into indecision. I and the Buddha, alone, understood the conflict going on within him, and I, alone, sympathized with him—in spite of my torturing pleadings, for I wanted him to give up the wide smooth road he had always travelled in ease, and luxury, and pleasure, just to go my country to prove to the doubtful

people there that the religion of his country was a real religion better than the ones they had always known—and I knew the choice was hard. It was difficult for such a man to believe their religion worthless, when they who had accepted them simply, just as their fathers, their grandfathers and their great grandfathers had accepted them, were able to work out smilingly and uncomplainingly from dawn until dark, eking out a meager but a happy existance.

“Your father, who had never known the want of a penny, and who had always scoffed at religion as it was preached to him by his fellow man, was not to be conquered without a still greater effort on my part. He knew that he could not, and would not go to my country without some sufferings of heart and body. Yet his heart ached to know and to understand my people—to decide for himself whether or not the delicate showers of snowy-white cherry blossoms in Japan had perfume, and whether or not they only covered gnarled limbs—to see if in reality underneath the politeness, and the simplicity of my people there was not deceit, egotism, and distrust. Little girl, I called with all the power the artist had placed in me, but the Buddha Idol always called too. I could not, and would not, let him conquer. I haunted your father even more persistently, in the day and in the night, on the land and on the sea, on the snow-capped peaks, on the scorching plains. Even in his dreams I came with my message, with my hands outstretched, and my eyes imploring, urging as eloquently as I could without words.

“The sight of me suggested to him

my land that he loved—Japan, the Divine artist had created by covering the debris of volcanoes with a magic charm. Questions arose in his mind that he stamped out—only to rise again. Were the religious of my country only sugar-coated affairs, or, on the other hand was it true as the representatives from my country said after careful study, that there was nothing in Christianity? Were they right in saying the next war would be one between the white and the dark races? Was their duty superficial, their judgment too harsh, or was it true, that we blind in our conceit to our own faults, were only too quick to arrive at the conclusion that we belonged to the only worthwhile race, with the only worth while religion? Were these foreign people, these worshipers of beauty rather than religion—two things closely akin—better off without our religion that only made questionable commercial and industrial artists out of us—that only made us petition our God at intervals, rather than to commune with him hourly? All of these were questions that worried your father from time to time as we studied each other.

“In the end of beauty my country was to conquer. He could see its old one-sided mountains as they shot their fangs into a deep blue sky filled with threads of fleecy cloud, fanned by the playful breezes from a bright green sea. He could see the stunted trees with their fantastically curved branches, and the dwarfed people who lived in this land of weird beauty, and who dared not use anything but the beautiful in the worshipes of their pagan Gods. He could see the land of many colors that the brush of the Divine Artist had painted, and the people he

adorn it only with the rich mellow tints that its Maker had used. He loved my people who could see beauty in every bare twig, every lichen-covered stone, every patch of gleaming sand—who could work patiently for hours, and months, and years to do the small tasks in the most thorough and the most artistic way—its maidens who studied for months the art of serving a cup of tea gracefully—its men, women, and children who worked unceasingly for years to gain the skill to make the most beautiful writing in the world with their brushes. But could it be that this land of simple people, was only a nation of small things?

How he longed in spite of his doubts to be in the land in which the Divine Artist had worked for centuries, grafting civilization after civilization of quaint custom, religions, beliefs, and beauty; so that every zephyr breathed of fragrance of past ages, every flower spoke of centuries of cultivation, every temple of past belief, every man of past art. His heart ached for his country as he gazed steadfastly at me, only a teapot lady, and as he heard in his imagination the purling music of the streams of far away Japan, as they flowed slowly and lazily thru the rice fields, or the echo of their cascades as they tumbled down the jagged mountain side. Even the swish of the butterfly's wing, the whiz of the dragon fly, the low weird chant of my people singing to their Gods, the mumbling sound of some ancient temple bell as it echoed and re-echoed its silvery notes from hill-top to valley, were not melodies too faint for his delicate ear to catch as he mused with the grey-blue china teapot before him.

"At last the call was too great for him and he yielded, I was filled with sorrow and gladness when he gave up his home, his loved ones, the land he had always lived in, his money and his life of ease, just to go to my country that he loved to give it something that he thought might make it better. But before he went to the land of chrysanthemums and cherry blossoms he took with him a wife—your mother—and she too learned to love me, my country, and my people, just as your father had learned to love us. And it was in my land they both toiled and suffered, year in and year out, trying to accomplish the will of the Divine Artist who had called them to prove that his message—the beautiful soothing message—could be applied to all doubts.

"In the end, fairy child, they were one day rewarded. The Divine Artist sent them you—you the most beautiful, the most pure thing, the mind could conceive of—you who the Divine Artist himself has modeled. How your parents loved you as you grew and developed from day to day unfolding more of your beauty and more of your possibilities! How hard also did they work for you in this land of strangers! But not yet was your father to have peace and happiness, for again was he tempted by the same old torturing questions that had always bothered him. Grief came to his happy home with long clutching fingers to work its havoc there. Your mother died one day in the midst of a pestilence that he was working day and night to relieve, and it was there that he was left alone in this land of riotous color with a grey heart, with you, only a tiny infant that he worshipped, for his all."

"He tended you, bathed you, clothed you, fed you himself during several months, for he could not bear the thoughts of other hands touching you; but he knew however, that he was growing too fond of you, for his and your good. Sometimes he would see with sadness your wee chubby arms reaching out towards me on the teapot; and how I liked to think that you who had never known long the touch of a mothers arms would have loved to come into them. Perhaps too, he thought that the bright colors on the teapot, were not all that attracted you towards me. Again the old questions tormented him; again the Buddha taunted him. How he longed to fly back to the land of his birth with you and forget everything—to stop the years of heart-rending sorrow that he knew would drag slowly on in this strange land in spite of his labor to forget. Again I urged him to do my bidding with my hands outstretched in the same old way. The Divine Artist could not let him go now for he still had need of him. I beckoned and he stayed; but he sent you home to his mother with all the beautiful things he had collected in his travels, in order that you might have a foster mother and advantages, and in order that the beautiful things

might not tempt him again from his purposes."

"Today he sent you for a birthday gift from far away, dreamy, Japan, the grey silk kimona that you now wear."

The little girl smiled, but a tear also trickled out of the corner of one eye at the same time, and gently rolled down her cheek and made a tiny salty pool in one of her dimples. A footstep was heard outside the room. The cuckoo again darted out of his carved cage, and announced to the world that it was ten o'clock now. The teapot lady jumped quickly, hopped down from the wee girl's ear and fluttered back to her place underneath the cherry tree on the teapot. The canary bird again gave a frightened chirp from his wicker cage. The door opened and a frail silver-haired lady in a grey silk dress with a filmy lace collar stepped upon the Persian rug. She walked over to the little girl asleep in the morris chair and smiled upon her; then picked her up in her arms and carried her to the adjoining room; while the teapot lady smiled sweetly and sadly from the teapot on the rosewood table and the tiny mother-of-pearl Buddha grinned and grinned down from his heights on the mantle piece.

Her Eyes

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22 DIKEAN

The first wee flow'rette o' the spring
Is blue like the hue o' the sea,
But the love that it brings
To the heart o' me clings
For its like to the eyes o' thee.

Soe blue are the eyes o' you, lassie fair,
Real nitches o' thine pure heart
That 'neath the glow o' their radiance there
The light o' your soul seems to start.

To A Violet

LENA WILLIAMS, '20 ADELPHIAN

Modest violet, tiny herald of spring,
Like a bit of Heaven's own blue—
Your purity and sweetness makes my soul yearn
To be true and pure like you.

A Comparison of Ideal Lands of English Literature

B. M. WALKER, '20 ADELPHIAN

Each one of us has a vision of an Ideal Land. What this picture consists of depends upon the individual. It is probably because fact that we have been given Utopia, Arcadia, New Atlantis, and The Forest of Arden, each of which is a dream of some great mind. More gives us a politician's vision of an Ideal Land in his Utopia, Sidney that of a country gentleman in his Arcadia, Bacon that of a statesman in his New Atlantis, and Shakespeare that of a true lover of nature in his Forest of Arden. Utopia, Arcadia, New Atlantis, and the Forest of Arden are countries people with different people, governed by different laws, and painted with unlike backgrounds.

The background of Utopia is that of a large nation somewhere in the Western Hemisphere, with its cities, long coast-lines, mountain-ranges, and wide stretches of wide fertile, lowlands. As more unfolds his map of Utopia one can see resemblance to the United States. Especially do we find this resemblance in the resources. The numerous towns on the coast carry on a large fishing industry. We find large manufacturing towns producing every article of commerce. We follow her ships over the "far seas" trading her own exports for the few articles that she does not produce at home.

As the dignity of the background

of Utopia interests us so the rustic, pastoral survey of Arcadia, which is inhabited by the singing shepherds and shepherdesses of France, pleases us. In Arcadia we find hills "which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which being lined with pleasant shade; were witnessed so to by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep." The industry of sheep-raising in Arcadia harmonizes with the background for "there a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old, there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice's music."

The setting of the New Atlantis is gratifying to the fancies of a statesman having socialist's ideas. New Atlantis is an island in the southern seas. Here we do not find a country with as large a territory or as many resources as in the country of Utopia. This small, small country of rolling plains and ragged cliffs has several highly developed resources. Their methods of extracting precious metals from the earth would show improvements over our modern methods of

mining. Agriculture is developed to a very high degree, for we perceive that each citizen is compelled to do farm work for a certain period of time each year.

Arden is the background of the Forest of Arden for the master Shakespeare has woven such an atmosphere into the word "Arden" that the very word gives us a picture of a beautiful shady, silvery dell, not as spacious as Arcadia, yet large enough to conceal a person from the outside world. This Forest of Arden is near Shakespeare's boyhood home in England. We can not measure the resources of Arden by the same standards as those of New Atlantis, but by one the nature-poet uses which calls the sweet flowering shrubs, the twittering birds, the leafy trees, and the shy deer, the resources.

As the backgrounds of these lands are interesting, the inhabitants of these countries hold out attention even more. The matter-of-fact inhabitants of Utopia show the author's practical ideal. The population of this country is the work-a-day people of today, having the same problems to solve that we have today.

The idealistic population of Arcadia, which reveals the romantic ideal of the author, attracts the attention of the reader as much as the inhabitants of Utopia. This idealistic type is portrayed by the "shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never grow old" and by "a young shepherdess knitting and withal singing". We use Sidney's ideal again in the description of Philoclea and Pamela, "Methought there was more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela, methought love played in Philoclea's eyes and threatened in

Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence." Notwithstanding the fact that Sidney's characters are for the most part a visionary type we find a though of realism bursting forth sometimes as when Kalander says, "In truth I blamed Clitaphon for the curiosity which made him break his duty in such a kind, whereby king's secrets are subject to be revealed; but since it was done, I was content to take so much profit as to know it."

The striking peculiarities of inhabitants of Atlantis are equally as interesting to the reader as the peoples of Utopia and Arcadia. The population of New Atlantis is very individual in their manners and customs. A most strange custom was their treatment of a stranger. The kindness of their immigration laws made a strong contrast to the austre immigration laws of a modern nation. While the stranger is treated with every hospitality possible, yet the state is protected against the immigrant by a law which sets him aside from the state under certain restrictions until the authorities are able to ascertain the character of the individual. Another extraordinary custom of theirs is that of their communication with other nations. Every twelve years they sent out two ships, appointed to make several voyages, which were to bring back knowledge of the affairs, the sciences, arts, inventions, and manufactures of foreign countries. While this policy is being carried on, no foreign ships are allowed inside the ports of Atlantis.

The people of Forest of Arden are the most realistic and true to life of

the population of any of the Ideal Lands, because Shakespeare's pen gave them life. The inhabitants of Arden give a picture of two classes of the Elizabethan age, the lords and peasants. The banished duke and his followers, with their court manners and dress paint us a true picture of the upper class of that period. Another bit of court life is seen in the entrance of Tonchestone, the clown. However, most of us will find more delight in the portrayal of Phebe, Audrey, and William. These peasants had such an ideal life without any government problems for we find that Silvius' only worry is that his sweet Phebe will not smile at him. Each one of these people have characteristics that are true to life, which let us recognize them among us today.

The inhabitants of these ideal Lands of English literature may interest us but their laws and government are uppermost in our thoughts just at this time when we are waging a world-wide war for the establishment of just laws. The laws of Utopia are striking in that they are similar to those of a modern commonwealth of socialists. Their laws demand equality of all men. We find laws but no lawyers, for all questions are settled by common justice in Utopia. Here the small body of men from one community selects one from among themselves to their representative to the upper head of their government as we find in our democratic governments, which have socialistic ideas. The laws are just in that their punishments are just. We see that the thief shall not be killed for stealing but that he shall be punished so that he will not commit the wrong again.

In Arcadia a kind and good king

rules over "a happy people, wanting little because they desire not much." The king of Aracdia was "a prince of sufficient skill to govern so quiet a country, where the good minds of the former princes had set down good laws, and the well bringing up of the people doth serve as a most sure bond to hold them."

The laws of New Atlantis also reflect the ideas of a modern commonwealth, which has equal brotherhood as a watchword. Their strong king has a large heart, inscrutable for good; and was wholly bent to make his kingdom and people happy. The laws made by this king with the aid of his high counselors, who are chosen by the people, are just, demanding equal rights upon the people. It is interesting to note that the author did not have any plans for woman at the ballot-box, for he gave Atlantis laws which demanded equal brotherhood for men only. Their women were respected and honored but their field of activity was limited to the home.

The Forest of Arden does not have a centralized government. Duke Senior realized this when he said,

"Now, my co-mates and brothers
in exil,
Hath not old customs made this life
more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are
not these woods
More free from peril than the envious
court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as the icy
fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's
wind

Which, when it bites and blows upon
my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile
and say,
'This is no flattery! these are my
councillors
That feelingly persuade me what I
am.'"

Our present-day gentleman-tramp
would have called the laws of Arden
his ideal government for he would
have been allowed to go and to do as
he pleased.

Today, we would not uphold the

New Atlantis as an example of perfect
government, even though it has many
ideals found in modern governments,
for some of its laws would not fulfil
the needs of present circumstances.
Neither would we give the Forest of
Arden nor Arcadia as specimens of
ideal governments, as we would Uto-
pia, because we are thinking most of
pure democracy. But to the literary
world this lack is justly compensated
by the beauty of the language in
which Sidney wrote his Arcadia and
by which Shakespeare painted his
Forest of Arden.

Pines

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22 DIKEAN

Dear sighing pine
At the edge of the wood.
That borders my vision clear,
'I am glad too find
That you understand
When everything seems drear.
For you seem to me
As you murmur and sigh,
And hush the noisy world,
That you actually see,
The sad heart o' me,
And a balm for my soul unfurl.

My Pines

BETTY JONES, '22 CORNELIAN

Pointing toward the sky, they seem
Almost to pierce the heavenly blue,
And the sun's rays brightest beam
Reveals their darkest hue.

At night—black shadows tall and slim,
Are they, watching the brightest stars grow faint;
While the curved moon beams a trail too dim,
For the human hand to paint.

A Dissertation On Triangles

NANNIE MAE SMITH, '21 ADELPHIAN

This is a triangle story, but the people of Friendship village would not believe it if you were to tell them about it, in fact they would not even know what you meant, for none of them have ever progressed any farther in higher mathematics than the theory of the straight lines. They are as yet in that stage where no one ever questions the fact that dew falls, and that the moon exerts quite a momentous influence over the affairs of men, such as love-making and the planting of beans and potatoes. Any mention, to some, of the theory of evolution brings up on their faces, looks of horror at the vision of monkey ancestors, which is the only thing that Darwin's great theory ever means to them. The song which as yet holds favor in the courts of their fancy, is "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," but they are beginning to catch on to "When you wore a Tulip." Their category of amusements, to say the least, is not exceedingly haughty. There is the Church Social, which usually takes the form of an ice cream supper at which all the country lads and lassies gather; the Children's Day entertainments at which harassed parents gather to hear the blunders of the pride of their hearts, while sitting on benches of cement painted to represent wood and gazing out across the old country by the side of the church, over which occasional butterflies flit—in the stillness of the summer sunlight—as lost souls; and there too, there are somethime plays given by

little schoolhouse by the side of the road, carefully chaperoned by the Methodist preacher, and the fat wife of the most prominent steward in the church. They are given for the purpose of purchasing more red carpet to replace that in the church which has been worn out by years of service. There are picnics also, and delightful occasions they are at which one is charmingly entertained by a certain species of black ants, of which all the places in the world Friendship is most abundantly supplied.

You may wonder why my village is called Friendship. I, too, have often wondered about that very same thing, especially when there were hard times on between two prominent citizens of this metropolis, concerning some affair of the village, but in my later years I became discovered the beyond which explains the name. This legend says that the reason for it is that originally the houses in the neighborhood were so far apart that the chickens living at the respective houses never crossed to the garden of the neighbors, and therefore if we are forced to conclude that "Friendship" is a misnomer for the village, we must blame it upon fate and the original settlers.

But I am wandering from my story. I must return to my triangle. It was similar to all other triangles in that it had three sides. One of these sides was a red-haired, freckled-faced, blue-eyed lassie, native to the village of Friendship, and bearing the name Eliza Higgins. The second side was

a country youth who was fitted very well indeed by the description given to the legendary country youth since time began. The name which fate gave and his mother also, who in her spare moments loved to read the current novels of the day, was William St. Elmo Pigram, but the merciful humanity of Friendship village had nicknamed him "Bill". As for the third side of the triangle—I will tell you about that later.

Now, Eliza Higgins, in spite of all the circumstantial evidence to the contrary, including her red hair, her freckles, her name, and even the very atmosphere of Friendship village, was a poetical soul. She had her ambition and dreamed her dreams—even as you and I. She longed to be a great poet, but she told no one of this ambition of hers; she only smiled sadly as she said this to herself, "The people of Friendship would not understand me. I am different from them." She did not know that at sometime in the lives of all of us, we feel sure that we are different from the common herd and that we can write poetry. Of course some of us refrain from doing it and for this the world is thankful. But Eliza felt determined that her poetry should be inflicted upon a suffering world. Of course she did not think about it in that way. She felt that she would be rendering a great service to humanity in writing her beautiful non sense. She had already written one poem which she thought equalled any of those which were in the little red-bound volume on the center table in the parlor. In this poem she proved with mathematical precision that she was a part of the wind. Of course poets are always doing things such as that, and we, who

are not of the inspired ones and have the dreadful habit of viewing things from a scientific standpoint, must not allow ourselves to be shocked too greatly. The poem which she wrote was something like this:

"The wind goes whispering through
the pine trees
My soul goes out and flits with the
wind,
Then my soul is a part of those
breezes,
But my soul is me.
Therefore I am a part of the wind,
That whispers in the pine tree."

Rather good, that, don't you think? Well, I did not expect you to agree, but at any rate Eliza thought it was a greatful poem. Of course it did not rhyme but Eliza who was not altogether ignorant of the ways of the world and poets, had heard of *VERSA LIBRE* and she thought that perhaps this was it. It was her personal opinion that the sentiment of this poem was beautiful no matter what the world at large might think.

But all of this happened to Eliza in the days of her youth, before she saw William St. Elmo Pigram, commonly known as Bill Pigram. Saw him? Well, now that is funny, is it now? For they had been living in the same village all of their lives and had been attending the same little schoolhouse and church. But such things do happen, I have heard. It was a church social one night that they looked at each other and saw, because of some strange upheaval in their minds, different creatures from those which others saw in them. Instead of the red-haired, freckle-faced girl that other people saw, Bill saw the depths of sea in blue eyes. Of course he had never seen

the sea but anyway that is the way the poets would express it. And he saw a beautiful complexion crowned with the glory of sunset. Bill had often seen sunsets when he was coming home from the fields with his plow. Eliza saw not the nondescript colored hair parted in the middle, nor the awkward form clothed in brilliant blue, but a handsome knight, a prince of dreams. It always happens thus, they say, and I shall not attempt any scientific explanation here, of the phenomenon. But after this—"well, being a poet would be rather a difficult thing, would it not?" thought Eliza. "After all a nice little home—"

Such is the fate of the dreams of youth.

However, Bill also had his dreams. He wanted to be a doctor, an agriculturist, an artist, a lightning rod agent of a Congressman; he did not know exactly which. And as is the way with men, he had no intentions of sacrificing his dreams. Parting sadly but nevertheless, parting from Eliza, he went away to the big city to get an education, a fortune, and the fulfillment of his dreams. After he had accomplished his end in these few little matters he was coming back for Eliza—as they always promised.

Years passed and meanwhile Eliza was waiting patiently for the return of her knight. Now friends, let me introduce the third side of the triangle, for which you have long been waiting. It came by letter, did this obnoxious thing, the third side which was to make of two happy straight lines, a miserable triangle. Eliza read the letter from Bill slowly and happily, until she came to a certain sentence. Just one sentence it was, but it settled her doom. She read this sentence once, twice, many times, at first with horror, then with disbelief, but finally

with despair, for there was no doubt left in her mind. Bill had forsaken her. He would never come back to Friendship with his fame and his fortune, to rescue her from her fate, as an old maid. He had declared his love for another. And so here we have it, three sides of it, a perfect triangle.

But when Eliza ceased to write to him, Bill decided to go back to Friendship village to investigate the matter. It would never do for him to lose her Friendship. When he arrived in Friendship he was met by all the coolness of demeanor that the red-haired Eliza could summon to her aid.

"Why did you stop writing to me?" he asked her.

"I did not care to write to a man who was in love with another woman. I bet she is one of those wicked chorus girl folks—her with her silly sounding name."

"In love? What woman? What name?" Bill asked in a bewildered manner.

"Why here is the letter you wrote me. Here is the sentence in which you told me about your chorus girl."

And these are the words which had given Eliza so much unhappiness.

"After due consideration of the matter I have decided to give my life to Medica. Of all, I love her best."

Then at last Bill understood.

"Medica is Latin for medicine. She is no woman at all," he said, laughing.

"I just meant that I decided to be a doctor, Eliza."

"Oh! Bill," Eliza cried gladly.

And Bill being a dutiful young person went to Eliza and—but please dear friends, let us draw down the curtain in the scene that followed for with sadness we realize that even the most perfect of triangles sometimes crash.

The Little Boy on the Curb

K. WILLIS, '20 ADELPHIAN

Glumly, I jumped, and stopped, and raced across a crowded street;
The world was grey, and black, and noisy;
Blaring signs; glaring people, ghastly paint-smeared women, greedy-eyed men
—and poodle dogs;
Cars, and cars, and cars, with squeaking, squawking, shrieking horns—
All to worry me.

Blindly I stumbled up the curb into a little boy sitting by a barber's post;
Freckled-faced, pug nosed, bland; bow legs dangling in the slime and peanut
hulls.

I pinched his ear, and pulled his hair—
And he bore it all heedlessly—murmuring words of love into the ear of a yellow
cur
As I went my storm-tossed way, and as he loafed upon the curb.

Her Fate

MILDRED SCOTT, DIKEAN

Patsy laid down her pen and held up the letter she had just finished writing.

"Listen a minute, Lib," she said, turning to her roommate who was busily writing away at a desk on the other side of the room. "Do you think this will be all right?" Then she read:

"Dear Bill:

"Please be a good brother and do me a favor. I'm having a friend come to stay with me for a few days and she will be here for the May formal. Now will you please bring some nice man along for her when you come? She is an awfully attractive girl, pretty, and a marvelous dancer. I can guarantee that whoever comes will enjoy being with her; so be sure and bring the best boy you can possibly find. If I remember correctly, she is partial to dark athletes, and her one stipulation, other than that they can dance well, is that they must not hum the music while they are dancing. Now do your best, there's a good boy, and as I will see you so soon, I won't take up any more of your time now.

Yours,

"Pat."

As she stopped reading, she looked inquiringly at Lib, who said, "Why, I think that's all right. It is all you can do about it anyway. If your friend doesn't like Bill's choice, it certainly will not be your fault."

"Oh, I guess Ann will like him well enough for one evening," Patsy remarked, as she hurriedly searched through the large pile of books and papers which completely filled her desk, for her stamp box. "I think she is pretty easily satisfied, anyway."

The next afternoon in the Beta house at Hoyt College, not far away, Bill Brydon hailed one of his class mates, who went whistling down the hall past his door.

"Hello, Dick, old man, come on in a minute, you're just the fellow I want to see." The boy who entered was Dick Nollen, captain of the last fall's football team.

"What's up?" He asked this as he sprawled out on the couch. Bill proceeded to tell him of his sister's letter, and then said, "You seem to fill the place, so how about it? Do you want to go? Kinglsey Hall dances are wonderful, as you probably know."

"Why, sure I'll go, Bill, glad of the chance, certainly I'll go. Who's the girl, did your sister say?"

"No, but I've and idea it's either Helen Gibbs from Louisville or Marie Dodge from home. However, since I have come to think of it, I believe if it had been the latter Pat would have said so, because she knows I like her so much. But if it is Helen you'll fall for her, and I almost know that is who it is, for I believe I remember Pat's saying something about having her up to one of the dances this spring. She's a mighty good looking

girl, and a wonderful dancer. I almost wish I was going with her myself, but Pat has had me booked for this dance ever since Christmas."

"Well, it sounds promising," said Dick. "You can write your sister that you have found just exactly what she wants."

"I will do that then, but since she didn't offer any information as to who the girl is, I'm not going to say who you are."

It was the afternoon of the May formal! Patsy's guest, Ann, had just arrived, and the two girls were talking about the dance and wondering whether they'd have a good time. Ann was very much interested in hearing about the bid Pat had gotten for her. She told Patsy very excitedly that she had recently had her fortune told and the gypsy had said that she would meet her fate" in the near future at a dance. She was just positive that this was the dance and that this man would be the one the gypsy had meant.

"You say you don't even know his name?" she asked.

"No, Bill just said he was a Beta and one of the most popular fellows at Hoyt."

"At Hoyt!" exclaimed Ann. "Does your brother go to Hoyt? Why—?" She opened her mouth to say something else, but slowly closed it again. Then as Patsy nodded, she said, "Why, I thought he went to Cornell, How funny!"

"He did think of going there once, but changed his mind because so many of his friends were at Hoyt and they pledged him Beta."

Once again Ann looked just on the point of saying something, but stopped as before, and this time changed the

subject to another silver or gold slippers would look better with her orchid colored evening dress. At half past eight o'clock Patsy and Ann were waiting impatiently for their two Betas from Hoyt. Patsy, seated very carefully on the edge of a large chair in order not to crease the tulle ruffles which surrounded her like a pale yellow mist, was saying how good it would be to see Bill again, and she hoped sincerely that whoever he brought would suit Ann.

"So do I," that young lady said firmly, "Just think how terrible it would be if he was my fate" and I didn't like him."

They were talking excitedly about this when the maid brought up the men's cards, and handed Bill's to Patsy and Dick's to Ann, who, when she read the name, gave a little gasp, and then let out peal after peal of laughter.

Patsy looked at her in absolute amazement and said, "Why, what's the matter; do you know him?"

"Do I know him?" laughed Ann. I guess I do. He's my brother!"

Her surprise and amusement were not much greater than Dick's when the two girls came down stairs a few minutes later.

"The only thing I don't understand," said Patsy, "is why on earth you didn't say your brother was a frat brother of Bill's at Hoyt when we were talking of it this afternoon.

"Why, I was going to, but I thought that you would think it was awfully funny of me not to have asked him to this dance myself and saved you the trouble of getting anyone for me; and as a matter of fact, I'd never even thought of that."

June

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22 DIKEAN

Quar! now ain't it—
How the cows they sit up a reg'lar tune
When milking time comes sometimes—in June?

Nuisance, ain't it—
When the frogs start up a reg'lar band
When a June twilight kivers new plowed land?

Sweet, ain't it—
When the gals sit wi' you and gaze at the moon
Looking so sweet and perty—in June?



Contributor's Club

The Rising Sun

OLGO DIMITRIVITCH. ADELPHIAN

(A Serbian Girl's Dream of America Told in Her Own Words)

In the west the darkness vanished and fled from the sun which arose in the east over the green trees. My dreams arose also. The dew shown on the trees, the fields, the meadows, the roofs of houses and the streets. The air was full of the odor of May's roses, which sank deeply into my breast and almost intoxicated me. Something new, something unknown, like the sun over the trees, and strong like the odor of the roses imprinted in my soul and drew me from my home to the land of freedom, of dreams of the spring of youth. I jumped over

the stones, the wild roses and the blackberry bushes in order to enter the woods and pick strawberries and flowers. Down near the path under the mountain murmured the brook, clear like tears. The sun's rays sparkled in the brook, they played on the surface of the water. I looked at the water and saw the picture of a new land—America—any myself in it. Then I raised my head and listened to the song of the mocking bird and I smelled the odor of May roses, looked at the rising sun and felt the realization of my dreams.

Fear Me Not Chloe

Translated from Latin by HULDAH HOLLOWMAN, '22 DIKEAN

Chloe, you shun me like a timid fawn,
Seeing on the pathless mount from early dawn,
It's trembling mother, and with groundless fear
Of both the breezes and the forests drear.

For if the briar with pliant leaves
Rustles lightly to the gentle breeze,
Or if the green lizards move the bramble,
In both heart and limb she'll tremble.

Neither a Gaetulian lion, I,
Nor a fierce tiger crouched it's prey to spy,
At length leave your mother, nor a lover hate,
For you are now old enough for a mate.

The Complaint of My Feet

M. B. BLACKWELL, '21 CORNELIAN

I never get rest. I am on the go every day of my existance. I am what you would call the ground floor of the human structure. The weight of the body falls on me, but like most beasts of burden I am a good-natured being as long as I am treated with respect, but some of the indignities I am subjected to are often unbearable; so I come back to my tormentors in my own way.

When I was first conscious of having "pedal extremities" it was a glorious feeling to wiggle 'em around. Everybody looked at my toes and called them little pink rose buds. But my freedom lasted a short time only. They soon smothered me down with something they called "bootees." Being determined to make the best of it, I accepted them without a whimper. But not content with smothering me, they next shut me up in some stiff leather—now my freedom was gone entirely. They had blinded me—I could no longer see the bright sun light. But still I had room to wiggle my toes, and that privilege kept me from being completely miserable. Great was my joy in the spring when once more my prison doors were opened and again I was free to run wild. How good it was to feel myself sink down in the moist earth! How cool to feel the oozy woozy mud between my toes—to lose sight of everything when I dived down in the old creek!

Mixed with my joys, however, were a few aches. Here I would be moving along as a peaceful as a parson on

Sunday morning, when all-of-a-sudden I would find myself in a close contact with a sharp stone or a root of a tree. From somewhere above me a curious wail would sound out—then another voice, "There—there, dear, don't cry, you've only stumped your toe—"

Like all good things my freedom came to an end—back to my prison I was sent. My how crowded and "scrooched" up I was! Oh how I hurt all over! For weeks I endured my punishment until gradually I found my surrounding wall giving away somewhat under the effort I was putting forth to get a good stretch. For endless days I remained in darkness, coming out of darkness in the summer time only. Finally the time came when my summer vacation was taken away from me. All was blackness then.

Tighter and tighter like a straight jacket, the walls became. I grew narrowed out. The many hours of aching that I experienced! All of me revolted; the stiff leather irritated me. Gradually, to punish impudent Mr. Leather, I sent up a rising which I call a "corn." Many were the wails I heard, until one day they took a knife which looked as big as a sword to me and cut me. OOh! ouch! It hurt, but I suffered in silence. Every few months I could feel the cool earth next to me through a small opening in the wall. But even this pleasure was taken away from me. The hole was stopped up with pasteboard. Sometimes the gauzy material they

covered me over with would break; then a sharp pointed object would stick into me as the rip, or rather "rail-road," was closed up. Even worse than this, horrid black stuff—shoe polish—would be smeared on the rip. OOh! the wet stuff!

The worst calamity that ever came to me was one day when I nearly turned "turtle," for my heels were elevated way, way above my toes; and they often became dizzy from being on such an elevated pedestal. But here I have remained, and how my bones have been crooked, only I can tell.

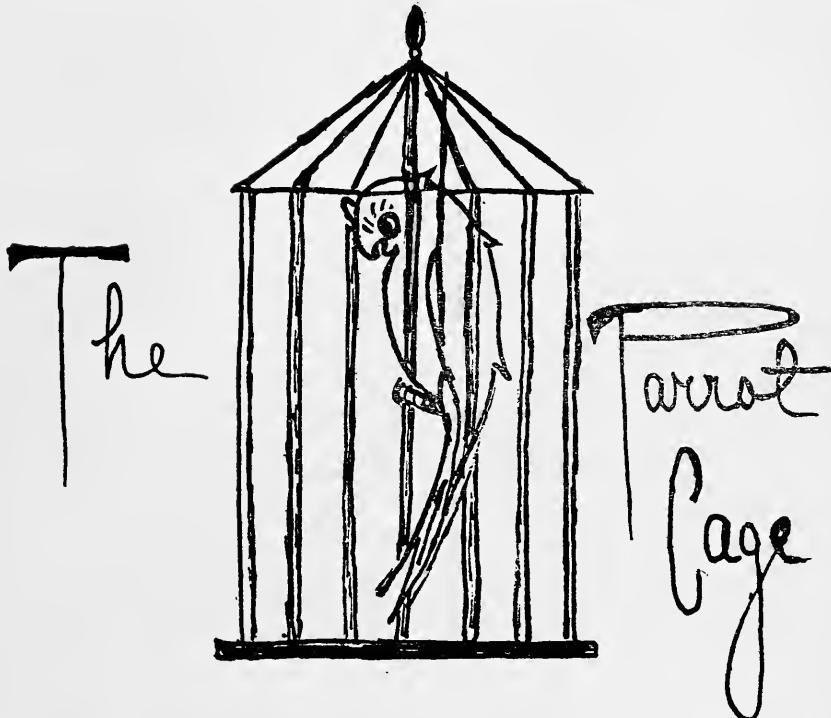
Now I am old. I have been faithful every day of my life, and many nights besides when I have been tossed about. My owner had indigestion. I have been good to him.

Every indignity I have borne! Look at the way I have been treated! Now that I am old, I am still faithful and I am still mistreated. I have always longed for comfort. I shall always search for comfort. Perhaps I shall never find it in this world. There will never be any real comfort for "us Feet" until we organize into a union. Then we will either go on a strike, or cease to function. Either we get more comfortable quarters to live in, shorter hours, and better treatment, or we will cease to walk. Maybe, when all of "Us Feet" get to Heaven there will be blessed rest with room to spread out our cramped toes. Perhaps again I shall have the beautiful shape I had when I first came into the world.

A Master Piece in Monometer

(Supposed to have been composed by Prof. A. C. Hall, A. B., M. A., Department of English,
North Carolina College for Women)

There's Pug—
All snug—
Like a bug,
In a rug.



ANNOUNCEMENT

"Will every person having a hockey stick bring it to the gymnasium by five o'clock. No one will be allowed to keep one in her room for her personal use."

Don't all those crazy things you think up give you the headache?
No, but crazy people do.

Visitor: I expected to find all the girls at the college with their hair down their backs.

Student: You must have thought us quiet young.

Visitor: No, but I saw so many hair pins on the walks.

Interrupted Student: What is the matter now? Is Hades turned upside down?

Distressed Roommate: No, but my Paradise's Lost.

A lady fell; folks were alarmed—
The lady sadly blushed
For altho free from any harm
Her dignity was crushed.

Music Student raving after a concert: The pianist was wonderful. I do love a man's touch.

A freshman saw some turnip greens,
And ate the homely fare;
But she died of gangrene—
'Twas more than she could bear.

Mary had a big corsage,
But upon the closet shelf
There was a little yellow dun
Mary paid herself.

"To patronize our customers"
Was once the college style,
But since we have the Keeley ads
We've stopped it for a while.

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